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THE TROUBLESOME TRIO.

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The Troublesome Trio.

Hugh Cameron

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"From the loud thunderstorm of war,
Not man alone hath called ye forth,
But He, the God of all the earth."

Whittier.

THE TROUBLESOME TRIO.

"The end approaches—that sublime event,
The people rallying to their President,
Ere long the world shall see. A nation then
Not ruled by tyrant vampires—but by *men*
In one blest Union all good hearts shall bind,
The glory of itself—the admiration of mankind!"

Thus B. B. F—— indulged the muse, till he prophetic grew.
His lines provoked *progressive wrath*—provoked proscription, too.
Great men by little words made mad inveighed the poet old;
Denounced free thought, audacity—truth telling, treason bold.
In fierce derision Greely hissed "*ye poet laureate*,"
"Occasion'l" echoes in the twist each other emulate;

Then *ye progressive* 39th, good judges of a crime,
Cut off the official head of him who had indulged in rhyme.
And now, no doubt, OFFICIAL HEADS are held in check with awe
Of *reconstructive progress* men who *manufacture* law.
No doubt *ye* poet, too, will sing a *reconstruction* song,
When he anew his harp does string, in favor of the strong;
But ere the muses change their tune, let me prolong the
strain,
In hope that YE IMMORTAL GODS your freedom may retain.

Ye Gods! I'd grieve to see the muse divested of her gear,
Or lured to barter her birthright by averice or fear,
As I do grieve to see those things, which much resemble men,
Bowed 'neath a hateful party yoke—kept in a party pen—
Degraded by the party lash, they tremble at its call,
And straight, to do its dirty work, into the harness crawl.

O! unbought muse help me to sing a tune as bold and free
As any by our fathers sung—French, Bangor, or Dundee—
Our fathers nobly bore their part; but with what care do we
Guard that which they bequeathed to us for our posterity?
For him, whom falsehood styled a king, usurper, apostate,
Help me acceptably to sing as *second laureate*.

My predecessor's lofty strains reached a "sublime event,"
To hope for which, with earnest faith, I'm forced to be content;
But as I think of his sad fate—his loss of "bread'nd butter"—
My indignation is too great in pious words to utt'r;
But what care I for power and fate, for place or "bread-'nd butter,"
A *simple Yankee laureate* the truth I'll boldy utter.

The patriot for whom I sing still guides the ship of State,
Though furiously he's been assailed by ENVY, MALICE, HATE.
This TRIO having cursed mankind since first the world began,
May either be a Copperhead or Black Republican.
Ere Lincoln had embarked upon his presidential trip,
These FIENDS had turned the southern mind against our gallant ship;
They had procured conspiracies against the nation's life;
Had nerved the vile assassin's arm and furnished him the knife;
But gen'rous fate then interposed and turned their blade aside,
And gave to us four years of war to rectify our pride.

The war produced abundant food on which these FIENDS have fed,
They never very much enjoyed the field where heroes bled,
But lurked about the cotton ports and lodged with Copperheads,
Conscripting officers they were pursuing mountain* Feds;
They plied their trade extensively at Libby and Belle Isle;
But mercy closed these slaughter pens and mercy those revile.
At length, by foul conspiracy and the assassin's hand,
Our very souls were bowed in grief and mourning draped the land.
While thus we were with grief oppressed, and gloom the land did fill,
These FIENDS conspired to fix their crime on those they sought to kill.
At Johnson and at Seward they aimed their most destructive shafts;

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* Union men in Arkansas and other Southern States who fled to the mountains to escape the conscription.

On Sumner, Stevens, and Ben. Wade they made their largest drafts;
They tried to make the people think that Johnson first conspired
Against his most devoted friend whose place they all desired;
They turned the northern heart away from patriot as true
As ever breathed the mountain air or drank the mountain dew;
Yet still the ship of State he guides, determined not to yield,
The spirit of our MARTYRED CHIEF sustains him and will shield.

Can we forget who firmly stood by Lincoln in the fight,
Who boldly draged the base designs of traitors to the light,
Who broke the spell by which they held the Senate in control?
Who of our chieftains placed his name the highest on the scroll?
A voice from Tennessee replies, 'twas our distinguished son
Who firmly stood by Lincoln's side when first the war begun;
'Twas our "plebeian" Senator who boldly dared defy

The mad secession element in Senate in July ;
'Twas he who broke the fatal spell that held the nation bound—
His words went home to every heart and traitors did confound ;
He stood like Cicero among his honorable peers,
Their guilty consciences he wrung and roused their guilty fears.
Our late lamented President he faithfully sustained ;
Against the foe he took the field, contended for and gained ;
He met the rebels manfully while deadly arms they bore—
He meets them still more manfully as rebels now no more.
His predecessor firmly held the helm which he now holds
Beneath the flag, till vict'ry perched upon its glorious folds.
Beneath that flag he meekly bows, still trusting in his God,
Acknowledging the hand that holds and plies the chastening rod ;
Most constantly he keeps his post, though round him rage the storms,
And o'er the CONSTITUTION SHIP dash *radical reforms ;*
Above him floats OUR BRAVE OLD FLAG, still bearing all the stars,

As proudly now as when we bore it in secession wars.
God bless our captain and our ship—protect its mate and crew;
Let all in safety reach the port who to the flag are true.
O, God! preserve the flag obtained by patriot's blood and scars—
Help us to hand it down unstained, retaining all the stars.
And now as I must close my theme, submit my feeble verse,
I'll ask you all to join with me THE TRIO to disperse:
Let ENVY go with Sumner home and learn how to conduct—
Send MALICE to the Keystone State to help Thad. reconstruct—
And HATE, I think, we may divide with great propriety
'Twixt Buck-Eye Ben. and Ben. of corked-up notoriety.

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